The
COMMONWEAL

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THE WEEK 539
DAY AND NIGHT *C. G. Paulding* 542
FILLING THE MIDDLE *Philip Burnham* 543
CITIES, LAND AND PEOPLE *O. E. Baker* 545
THE CHURCH IN EASTERN EUROPE *Donald Attwater* 548
LOOKING SOUTH FROM THE MARSH BOG (*Verse*) *John Porter Heymann* 550
COMMUNICATIONS 551
THE STAGE *Kappo Phelan* 551
BOOKS OF THE WEEK 552
The Playwright as Thinker—The Future in Perspective—I, Too, Nicodemus—Tour of Beauty—Endless Horizons—Cicero in the Courtroom of Saint Thomas Aquinas
THE INNER FORUM 558

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Something is in Order

AMERICA has a shipping strike, and New York City, which must always raise the ante, not only has more of the shipping strike than anybody else, but also has a bad trucking strike. The seamen's walkout is the worst in our history—even relief ships and ships under foreign flags are lying idle at the piers. The truckdrivers' strike, though not cutting into the food supply too seriously, is slowly forcing paralysis on large sections of the city's trade and industry. There is no immediate hope of settlement in either dispute. Locally and nationally, in short, the situation is as tough as ever it was in the days of the steel, auto, coal, tugboat or packing fracases. Our senses dulled by a seemingly endless series of crises, we may find it a little difficult to whip up the proper degree of alarm. But there is at least reason to try.

A few hysterical souls have been saying that all this is another case of the communists trying to sabotage the American economy and soften us up in the interests of Stalin's plans for world aggression. Actually, there is an excellent case to be made for the claim that the seamen's strike is basically an anti-communist affair. What started it was the refusal of the Wage Stabilization Board approve increases for AFL seamen that amounted to $5-$10 more a month than those granted CIO seamen.

Although Joe Curran and other CIO maritime leaders have lately been pushing a kind of Browderite revolt against CP domination of the National Maritime Union, American shipowners have apparently decided that their best bet to weaken the radical NMU is to toss some extra sugar to the AFL. The latter's Seafarers' International Union has lately been making a strong comeback under the leadership of the militant ex-Trotskyite Harry Lundberg and his East Coast lieutenant, John Hawk.

It is significant, for example, that in Washington we have the curious spectacle of shipowners urging the WSB to reverse itself and give the workers more of their money. It seems hard to believe that they don't realize that Curran's boys are immediately going to demand—and probably get—an equal raise, but since most of the NMU ships are run by the government, perhaps they don't really care. Meanwhile the CIO supports Lundberg's strike, and Lundberg, cursing the CIO, ties up UNRRA ships and foreign flags in a policy that is far tougher than that of the NMU's revolutionaries in the abortive walkout of last June.

In the New York trucking strike we have another AFL union, Local 807 of the teamsters, which is under solidly anti-CP control. It is true that the CP's have been active in the rank-and-file rebellion that turned down the compromise proposal of 18½ cents made by Mayor O'Dwyer and backed by the local's leadership. But they are still a small minority, and they are by no means the only element responsible for the almost unanimous revolt of the membership. And the Mayor's compromise has been rejected in equally bitter terms, as too generous, by the operators.

Tom Hickey, secretary-treasurer of Local 807, tells us that "it is just a case of the men having a fever." "In a week or two," he adds, "they will probably come to their senses and some compromise will be worked out." Brother Hickey and his fellow officers have our respect in the sense that they have been running one of the most honest, democratic and progressive locals in the teamsters' union. But there still remains the question, similar to the one raised by the ship tie-up, "Can the public afford to allow the strike fever of a few thousand men, or the inter-union rivalry of a few more thousand, to cut off the life-stream of its trade and industry?"

In all fairness to the truckdrivers, it must be said that their spirit of "Let's-get-ours-while-the-getting-is-good" is exactly the same spirit, on a smaller scale, as that displayed by employers and farmers since who can remember when. This doesn't alter the basic problem and the basic necessity—the public must find a way to protect itself, a way far more efficient than any used so far against such crippling walk-outs.

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Therefore we propose once again the setting up of machinery—on national, state and city levels—which would provide for cooling-off periods and fact-finding boards in those disputes which seriously affect the public interest. Except in the field of public utilities it cannot yet be shown that compulsory arbitration would be either necessary or effective. Lesser measures are in order. But they are certainly in order, and now.

The Children's Hollywood

IF WE may raid the movie column of this august journal for a moment, we would like to do some deploring on our own (critic Hartung is on vacation, anyway—New Mexico) of a tendency. There's a movie out now and locally much advertised called "Black Beauty." Not having seen it or heard or read any but brief publicity descriptions of it, we can treat it with great objectivity. The movie itself may be 100 percent marvelous, or it may be 100 percent awful; we don't know.

The idea is, however, that it is the movie rendering of a children's book. Just what standing the book, "Black Beauty," has among children or their parents we don't know either, so can again be objective. (This column remembers simply reading it and has a vaguely pleasurable feeling about the remembrance . . . little clearer than that. We presume it is an agreeable romance about a horse but not memorable, and we hope we are not betraying in all this some embarrassing unconscious things about this column's psychic constitution. A friend of better memory and admired critical faculty claims "Black Beauty" is not much good, but another says it was lovely.) Well, it is a child's book, an imaginative romance, set in cinema. Metro Goldwyn Mayer did it with the "Wizard of Oz," Disney did it with several other wee classics.

Now, even assuming that everything is wonderful and that each movie has been a universal triumph, we still wonder. The transference of an imaginative piece of literature to the screen is an operation whose wisdom is, in any age group in any case, fraught with question. Does it improperly stop the imagination by "setting" the work in the particular imaginative picture of the producer, and thus stop readers from reading with their own active sympathies and imaginations? (There are for certain a lot of ins and outs. This ought to be an article.)

With children and with their un-naturalistic and playfully imaginative books the question grows sharpest. After seeing these screen plays, will the readers of "Black Beauty," "The Wizard of Oz," "Pinocchio," "Snow White" and the rest read with their own imaginations freely and simply, or with their memories, recalling already the judgments of Hollywood?

American Plan for Germany and Europe

OF ALL the elements in the speech of Secretary Byrnes at Stuttgart perhaps none is more reassuring than the recurrent theme of American eagerness to give the German people a real chance to work out for themselves a going way of operating. It is because the Potsdam Agreement of but a year ago has been broken in so many particulars, because the Allied Control Council has failed to carry out the provisions so necessary to make a go of things, that Mr. Byrnes felt justified in demanding important changes.

Thus, unless Germany becomes a single economic unit, the United States has to insist that the industrial levels of Potsdam be raised in order that the German economy function on even the most threadbare scale. For a similar reason reparations from current production (not figured on at Potsdam in arriving at the agreed production levels) are definitely out of line. Again, the Allied Control Council has failed lamentably to bring the economies of the four occupation zones to function as an economic unit as was agreed upon all round.

Mr. Byrnes maintains that "the time has come when the zonal boundaries should be regarded as defining only the areas to be occupied for security purposes by the armed forces of the occupying powers, and not as self-contained economic or political units." Demilitarization and denazification are well in hand. It is the future economic and political status of Germany which is still to be established, the practical steps in a positive direction which remain to be taken. Despite all that was undertaken at Potsdam by the Allied Powers, there is no common financial policy for the four zones; unification of transportation, communications and postal services has not been carried out.

Economic unification of the American and British occupation zones is currently proceeding satisfactorily, but there is no indication whatever that either the French or the Russians will complete that unification. Certain features of the announced Byrnes program—especially with regard to considering the Ruhr and the Rhineland as German—are displeasing to the French; while the whole idea of hastening the stabilization of Germany (and Europe) appears to be abhorrent to the Russians.

There is, then, little chance that the Byrnes blueprint will be put into operation for many months. It is most important, therefore, as a pronunciamento. It makes clear to the German people that the United States strongly favors a state of things which will give them some chance of standing on their own feet. It does not blink the hardships which German aggressiveness will have brought upon the German people in the months ahead or intimate in any way that they

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are to be left to their own unfettered devices. To the contrary it serves notice that this time the United States intends to remain on hand in sufficient force to collaborate in preventing further German aggression. But within precautionary limits it is now proclaimed American policy—forever unmistakable—that the German people should have a chance to govern themselves, work and live under their own auspices. So long as Germany is hamstrung and chaotically divided there will be no working economy or lasting peace for Europe. It is obviously to American interest to change this state of things.

Fixing Responsibility

THE roof-over-your-head shortage is by no means licked; it is merely shaken down a bit. Most of the veterans are out now and a natural tamping process has found them beds—of a sort. One no longer hears of people sleeping on park benches or in parked cars. Only in England has there been any organized squatting; in the United States the shoehorn is badly bent but not yet broken. Human life is becoming more and more assimilated to that of the tinned sardine, but we are getting used to it. And we are mightily heartened by seeing the builders at work all over the place, or by reading about their efforts in the newspapers. Perhaps in a year or two we shall all be able to resume our morning calisthenics without danger of inadvertantly assaulting our nearest and dearest.

Meanwhile it might be an idea to take a look around. Apart from the temporary emergency housing (much of which, by the way, is excellent, especially the Niessen huts) what are the builders up to? Perhaps the most eminently successful of their efforts are the large-scale, privately financed, limited dividend city apartment house projects which are now so favored as an investment by the large insurance companies. Since these are viewed by their promoters as a means of putting their money to work at a small return over a long period, there is every incentive to plan them thoughtfully and build them well. The comfort and convenience of prospective tenants are here the primary consideration, since there is no thought of a quick return and get out.

To a somewhat less degree the same may be said of smaller apartment buildings, where lack of space to play with often yields a less desirable land utilization, but where the motive of speculation is likewise largely absent. Permanent public housing, by and large, is also of excellent quality, and from the broadly social point of view, the most useful of all, since it is conceived on the widest possible base and is designed to take care of a section of the population least likely to be able to find suitable quarters.

But all this good effort and achievement is in the beehive direction. It fills an undoubted need, but a need parasitic to our civilization, and it represents the least human aspects of that civilization. It has been reported that even the Russians now recognize the deficiencies of the apartment house as a machine for living and hope in the future greatly to expand the construction of individual houses, with land enough to make a garden. And it is precisely here that we have most abysmally failed. We are building hundreds of thousands of such houses and we are building them incredibly badly. There is a deep human desire to own one's house and to have something green growing around it: our system for fulfilling that desire is so defective that one wonders why the desire has not been smothered long since and why all Americans do not reconcile themselves to becoming cliff dwellers.

Of course some energetic Americans—many thousands of them—are building their own homes. But to do this requires either money or a special type of ingenuity, initiative and knowledge. The vast majority of our houses are built by professional builders to be sold ready-made. And that is the rub. For here the builder's every economic incentive is to cheapen and botch his product. The pressure in this direction is tremendous. A finished house is the most deceptive of all products. Its structure is hidden from the purchaser, whose eye can readily be caught by fancy and meaningless trimmings. The various inspectors whose task it is to watch for cheating have no personal incentive to keep them alert. They are usually ill-paid hacks, making less wages than a carpenter's helper, and hence their palms easily acquire a permanently outstretched posture in quest of what are known as "tips." The net result is, in the vast majority of cases, deplorable.

We believe that there is no universal remedy for this grave defect in our way of life, but we likewise believe that a most helpful step in the right direction would be the institution of a new form of insurance—insurance against defective building and improper standards. This device would seem to locate responsibility in the interests of the purchaser, who would pay for this insurance precisely as he pays for protection against fire. Dishonest inspection under such circumstances would be too risky, because it would lead to the payment of heavy indemnities, and if intelligently managed, such insurance could operate as a much-needed stimulus to improve the basic standards of all speculative builders. For in time, with public acceptance, no builder would dare put himself outside its pale. This plan has the great advantage of being independent of government action; it would not suddenly produce heaven in housing, but it would greatly help a disgraceful situation.

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With All Sympathy

IT IS not only this financially amateur paper which finds difficulty in writing to useful purpose about the recent sad performance of the stock market. Nobody in Wall Street, and certainly no one in Washington has given the public what we want: statements telling what caused the steep drop, where the averages are going from here, and what is to be done about it. We can think of dozens of interesting heads for analysis of the market, like "Wall Street: Cause and Symptom," "The Stock Market and Inflation . . . and International Affairs . . . and Labor . . . and Government Control . . . and Demagogy . . . and Real Depression . . . and Public Psychology." We will stop there, and as one of the rude public register the opinion that Wall Street currently seems to us sympathetically symbolical. If we may take an old phrase from an era when the stock market loomed larger in American life: Conditions are Fundamentally Unsound.

It is almost a demonstration of the non-materialistic view of history. Economists point out with reams of charts that the material basis for a period of prosperity is unusually solid. Now it appears to be the purposes and imaginations of men and the manner in which men come together and fall apart on the issue of these intellectual and emotional matters which determine order and prosperity (and peace). General Motors is all built and organized and ready to make lots of cars, and there is money and credit and active demand in the public to buy them, if the people who own and manage and labor in the motor industry could come together on issues which are not determined by the physical possibilities of the case.

Day and Night

WE SAT in a dining car on the way to Philadelphia and the evening came down over the Jersey meadows, over the canals, the barges in the canals, over the swamplands, the railroads on one level and another crossing and spreading out, as solemnly as it had come down over Europe, as it would come down over China. It came down over the factories, the sign boards, the dump heaps, over Newark and then we were through New Brunswick. We sat in the dining car at a counter facing the window so that we looked out at the wooden houses that were close to the tracks and at first they were dark in the growing darkness and then there were lights in the windows. The evening came down as we had a cocktail and then the steward brought us dinner on a tray.

Look you said, look. You are always so worried about twilight but there also is the dawn. The day ends and it is a little like death but there is also the morning. There was that terrible moment once when Adam and Eve stood there in the first evening, and night fell completely, and they could not know that there would ever be a dawn, but in Philadelphia and in New York there is always a dawn. All you have to do is to wait twelve hours, ten hours, and there will be a dawn, another dawn and if you want to know exactly when, at Broad Street Station, in Philadelphia, you can buy an almanac. It will also tell you about the tides.

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So that probably even if there is another war there will be people who will be waiting for another victory and another peace. But they will be other people; they will not be us. We have given up waiting for anything long ago; we are not waiting for anything. Not even for a war; certainly not for anything desirable that could come after another war. It is as if the night had come down over the earth and we were not waiting with expectancy or certitude for any dawn or any peace.

We had forty years of this century and there was the first world war which was fought in daylight; we could see it for what it was with the dead in their uniforms, the wounded in their uniforms brought back from the front in the hospital trains. In each country the civilians could observe the war. There were the Generals in their uniforms and it was still a war that you could follow because, although it was bigger, it was like the wars in the books. When it was finished there was no one who had not hated it and in every nation that had been in the war the people came out on the streets on the day of the armistice bringing extraordinary new hopes into the daylight. But after forty years of this century there was the second world war and it was as if we plunged out of the century into the night and the only things that are real are the things that happened before this second war.

There was a real hatred of war after the first war; there was a real hope for peace. As soon as they were free to write, French and German writers and Dos Passos in America described the war for those who had not fought it and with immense loathing told what it had done to those who fought it and to those who had not fought it. Because what a war does to soldiers is what you expect but what it does to civilians is worse. In all the countries that had been in the first war the civilians had been made to understand their shame which consisted principally in having lived as usual, a little more selfishly than usual, while the soldiers fought. So that after that war there was not only hatred of war, at the front, hatred of death, but some of that hatred was turned

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against the complicities so readily given by those who had not fought in the war, had not suffered and had not died. Some of the hatred was turned against the system, which had made a war possible. It had been easy to blame the Kaiser's system entirely, but after the first war people everywhere were blaming their own systems also. They blamed the police that had kept them silent all through the war, but also their own acquiescence, their own tyrannies against those who had dared speak out, their own cruelty and cowardice.

It is so hard to remember. It is so painful to look back at 1918, at the hopes that were there in the daylight. Because with that hatred of war and that self-hatred it had become possible then for all the nations to expect a new world.

Wilson planned a new world and so did Lenin. It is very painful to think of Wilson now and it is not less painful to think of Lenin, because theirs were the names that millions of people spoke, all over Europe and beyond Europe, when they were trying to give a name to their hopes.

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When the second war came we started to enter the night and in the night there is nothing you can touch and be sure what it is. You cannot be sure of the measurement. You cannot even be sure whether something is interesting or not. When the war started against Germany there still was something you could hold on to and know about because that war was related to the other war against Germany; since every hope for peace had been denied long ago and there was no new world peacefully organized and not anyone left anywhere who even thought that such a world should be organized except by military action, then the second war against Germany was like the first war against Germany—necessary because there were certain countries whose existence you wanted to preserve. So that while that war was still being fought there was an afterglow; some light was still reflected from the hopes and necessities, the real hopes and the unavoidable necessities of the daylight world that preceded it. But by the time it was won we were in a dark room, and perhaps it is the wind that is moving the curtain or perhaps someone is in the room, and all that we say about the victory and the peace is clear to us when we say it but we may not be able to remember what we said when we wake up.

In the night things seem very important and there are times when Mr. Molotov and Mr. Byrnes say things that seem very important but there is no way for us really to know whether they are important or not. It is the bed that is important and the body lying on the bed, the diseases in the body, the body that starts to die as soon as it is born—and not the thoughts in insomnia or in dreams. In the night now we are not waiting for any dawn; we are dreaming of war, dreaming of peace, without any hatred of war or longing for peace; the shadows are round us and we talk in our sleep. Probably the dawn will come again; it always has; then we shall stand in the ruins and see what can be done.

C. G. PAULDING.

Filling the Middle

AMONG the things it's easier and easier for an American to be against is totalitarianism. There is a highly and loudly breaking wave of opinion against the old Hitler style political economy and against the current Stalin style. The opposition to totalitarianism involves with increasing definiteness the economic side: antagonism to the ownership and operation by the central State government of economic enterprise—a rejection of the simple old formula for solving our difficulties by turning over productive property to the State.

Nevertheless, against this opinion, there is a strong undertow of sweeping condemnation of private capitalism, against individualistic business enterprise. The times have heaped upon the shoulders and in the pockets of national bureaucracies ever increasing economic properties and functions and controls. The trend of economic history has been toward and not away from the concentration of economic power in government. Attack on private property and advocacy of State ownership have been the economic slogans of revolutionary propaganda since Marx. It is the counter-current to the wave above: it is the other extreme.

The wave of attack on state economy is almost completely convincing to growing numbers of people. Its direct targets, which are on the one hand the existing Soviet Government as the only representative of a state owning all productive property, and on the other, the theoretic and imagined picture of our government, or any other, which centralized in its hands the people's whole economic resources, are indeed very grim objects to contemplate, and one can go all out against them with full confidence.

The opposition to rugged individualism, the undertow of rejection and condemnation of individualistic and unfettered capitalism is hardly less persuasive. A little less, perhaps, because we know its evils and have lived, but for the same reason probably more firmly grounded, because we have gone through the great depression, we have seen some connection between the old business economy and war, and we have experienced or seen the particular injustices and cruelties and general ugliness which have gone along with plain capitalism.

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Those who at the same time reject state socialism and individualistic capitalism claim to want a different way, some middle way between those extremes which will avoid their evils, and which will work. They have had a terrible time trying to find a middle, or alternative, plan and to popularize it and to put it into operation. Still, these "plague on both your houses" forces have gone ahead, and if there is energy and hope, the possibilities for the future may look better.

Small Sweden became the protagonist of the almost copyrighted "middle way" furnished by cooperatives, but while cooperatives carry on splendidly, they are not now accepted by many persons as furnishing an adequate over-all solution. (It is most probably an essential characteristic of any proper middle way that no single solution is enough.) Austria, another small country and in a much harder situation than Sweden, might well point a new lesson in social-economic advance, if plans formulated there by the Austrian People's Party are worked out more fully and are adopted by the Austrian Government (in which the People's Party is the most important group) and are passed by the Occupying Powers.

A member of the Austrian People's Party explains in the London *Tablet* the background and some of the ideas of the experimental industrial plan his party champions in Vienna:

> . . . We believe it to be the task of democratic statesmen to secure a wide distribution of economic power and an arrangement of political checks and balances to limit the growth of monopoly, be it the State or private groups. . . . We are therefore convinced that in principle we do not need nationalization, but that, on the contrary, national economics can be kept in working order whilst leaving under the control of private persons the business which they can properly conduct themselves. It seems certain to us that there is no reason why the State should be obliged, in order to carry out the task of directing economic activities, to make itself the entrepreneur. . . .

Here is a summary of the "Austrian plan":

> It is our deep conviction that it is essential to apply some remedy here, and we in Austria are going to try to find a way out. We propose to allow the operative an increased measure of independence within the establishment [the worker, that is, within the mine, factory or office], our proposal being that in those establishments in which the State is financially interested, half of the working capital should be taken over by a "working cooperative association," of which every workman should be a member after not less than two years completed in the establishment. Such a cooperative association should have representatives sitting on the executive boards, and thus learn how to share responsibilities. The income derived from its capital share should be paid out partly to the workmen and partly to the association, which would thus be enabled gradually to pay for the capital share received from the State. So our intention is not to make outright a gift of it to the workman, but to make it depend on the operatives themselves at what time they shall become full and untrammelled owners of the capital share intended for them. . . .
>
> Our proposal is that "socialization" on the said lines should be effected in all the establishments in which the State has now a financial interest. If the necessity of socialization be present in other establishments, the State shall be authorized to nationalize an adequate part of the capital so that it may, in the result, be socialized. It is clear, however, in our view, that the State will have to give full and fair compensation for the capital so nationalized. . . .
>
> We would, furthermore, draw your attention to the fact that we shall never attempt to socialize all the capital of any establishment, but only a part, one half at the most. We do not want to exclude private capital. . . .
>
> The People's Party comprises men and women from all the classes of our people. It is clear that all are not equally interested in this matter. Some have it very much at heart, others less. But it is the party as a whole which has agreed upon this program.

The inspiration behind this plan is Catholic sociology. Perhaps the "Catholic" should be in quotation marks to preserve the distinction between the fields of authoritative principle and more experimental application. Still, in nearly all schools of Catholic sociology there is found a strong trend against the total absorption by the state of economic property and function, and also against unrestricted economic individualism, against absentee ownership and in favor of worker ownership and participation in responsible governance of business. There is a strong syndicalist streak.

A closely related trend was evidenced in the Labor Day statement of the Social Action Department of the American National Catholic Welfare Conference. The NCWC statement stressed the over-all occupational group system and not so much the internal organization of industries or businesses, but the tendencies are in the same direction. The NCWC calls for the establishment of occupational groups which would include representatives of labor and ownership and of all parties involved in an industry. . . .

> The occupational groups would seek to modify competition by maintaining standards of fairness with regard to the wages, hours, prices and business practices; to avoid private industrial dictatorship by enabling labor to share in all industrial policies and decisions, and to exclude political or bureaucratic industrial dictatorship by keeping the immediate and day-to-day control in the hands of the agents of production. They would be prevented from injuring the consumer or the common good by governmental action.

This very definite and radical call for bringing labor into a position of increased "business" responsibility within American industry is reinforced by a series of specific demands for "minimum reforms" in social legislation. The Labor Day statement does not, however, enter the vast field of internal problems of industrial organization the way the Austrians have been forced to do. But there is certainly no contradiction. If the occupational group system looks for the worker to take a partnership of responsibility in running the industries, then a participation—group and personal—in ownership follows along very naturally.

PHILIP BURNHAM.

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Cities, Land and People

Where the next generation will be coming from

O. E. Baker

THE POPULATION of the world has increased during the last 200 years three times as much as in all the centuries preceding: from about 450,000,000 in 1740 to roughly 2,000,000,000 just before the war. In Europe the increase was from about 130,000,000 to 500,000,000 in the 200 years; in Asia from probably 600,000,000 to more than 1,000,000,000. In North America, excluding Mexico, the gain in number was much smaller, but in percentage much larger—from a few hundred thousand in 1740 to nearly 150,000,000 today.

This unprecedented increase in population was made possible by an even greater increase in the food supply. The agricultural revolution preceded the industrial revolution and made the latter possible. First came rotation of crops, particularly the introduction of an intertilled crop —turnips, rutabagas, and later sugar beets. A propagandist farmer named Townsend brought the turnip from Flanders to England and was so successful in inducing his fellow-countrymen to substitute turnips for the fallow year in the medieval three-course system that he became famous as "Turnip Townsend." The turnips provided succulent feed for the cattle in the winter time and the number of cattle and production of beef began to increase, until "John Bull" became the rotund beef-eater of the cartoonists.

More cattle meant more manure, and more manure meant higher crop yields. More feed, in turn, meant more cattle, which meant more manure. Wheat yields per acre, which were only seven or eight bushels during the middle ages, doubled in a few decades. One might almost say that modern civilization grew out of manure, even if one should then have to add coal, iron and oil.

Two other advances soon occurred: clover was introduced, which not only improved the protein and mineral content of the feed, but also added humus and nitrogen to the soil. At the same time several farmers began breeding up the cattle and the sheep to improve the quality of the meat and increase production per unit of feed consumed. The English breeds of beef cattle—Hereford, Shorthorn, Angus (a Scottish breed) —are now dominant in the Americas and Antipodes as well as in Great Britain.

The next great advance came about a century ago. Liebig, the eminent German chemist, burned plants, analyzed the ash, applied compounds of the elements he found in the ash to the soil, and discovered that nitrogen, phosphorus and potassium were the essential elements most frequently deficient in soils. Meanwhile, Lawes began making phosphate fertilizer in England from bones gathered from many parts of Europe —it is said even from the battle fields of Waterloo. Fertilizer supplementing the barnyard manure and clover again doubled crop yields in Northwestern Europe. Wheat yields per acre now average about 32 bushels in England and 40 to 45 bushels, the highest in the world, in the Netherlands and Denmark.

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Perhaps even more important than these advances in agricultural technique was the expansion of crop production onto the grasslands of the world. The transformation of these grasslands into grainlands was made possible by (1) the invention of well-drilling apparatus, which brought water to the almost springless and streamless plains; (2) the development of grain seeding and harvesting machinery which enabled one man to do the work of five, releasing the other four for non-farm employment and extending the crop area to the desert's edge, because of the larger product per worker and lower cost of production; and (3) the coming of the railroad and steamship.

Lastly, but not least important in increasing the food supply, was peace and the protection of life and property.

Fifty years after the increase of population in Europe was well started, Malthus, a young clergyman, got into a discussion with his father one morning at the breakfast table concerning the future welfare of mankind. His father had read Condorcet who had written under the influence of the French Revolution and believed that the golden age of "liberty, equality, and fraternity" was at hand. Population was increasing; nevertheless, the common people now had meat to eat more frequently than on an occasional holiday and could wear formerly expensive cotton clothes; the cities were growing, and education was reaching down to the middle class. Science was solving the insoluble problem of poverty.

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Young Malthus said no—that as the food supply increased deaths would decrease, while births would not decline and population would increase as rapidly as the food supply and be limited, as it always had been, by war, famine and pestilence—the three horsemen who generally travel together. The food supply, Malthus observed, tends to increase only in arithmetical ratio, whereas the population tends to increase in geometrical ratio—2, 4, 8, 16 and so on—and presses against the "means of subsistence," to use Malthus's phrase. More than sixty years later Darwin elaborated this idea of struggle for survival into the theory of evolution, giving due credit to Malthus for having offered the original suggestion.

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Was Malthus right? Yes and no. Yes for Asia and the rest of the world outside of the Western European sphere of civilization. For example, India had no war, famine or pestilence between 1931 and 1941—and population increased 50,000,000 in the decade. This exceeds one-third the total population of the United States. No for Northwestern Europe, the United States, Canada, Australia and New Zealand. In these countries only the Netherlands and Canada had a birth rate high enough before the war to hold population permanently stationary without accessions from outside. The danger in these countries now is depopulation, not overpopulation.

As early as the year 1800 our United States census showed far fewer children under five years of age per 1,000 women of child-bearing age (a ratio that comes very close to the true birth rate) in Southern New England, where textile factories were just starting and cities were growing rapidly, than in adjoining states. Each decennial census for more than a century revealed a declining ratio of children to women of child-bearing age in Southern New England and the spread of this decline in birth rate with the expansion of industry and commerce and the growth of cities, until in recent years the lowest reproduction rates in the nation are found in the Pacific Coast states. It is significant that the decline in this ratio of children under five years of age to women of child-bearing age had been as great in the United States by the year 1880 as it has been in the years since. In 1880 scarcely any doctors, much less the general public, knew about the modern means of so-called birth control. It appears that where there is a will there is a way; and, of course, when the way is made easy the will becomes increasingly effective.

Why has the birth rate declined so greatly since Malthus's time? Here we pass in part from statements of fact to matters of opinion.

Throughout the world, except in France, the modern industrial and commercial city has a much lower birth rate than the rural areas. Not a city in the United States of over 100,000 population in 1940 had enough births to hold its population permanently stationary. Even in the USSR and Japan the urban birth rate was much lower than the rural before the war.

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The principal reason, I believe, why among the farming people the birth rate is twice that among the city people, is that on the farm the family is the economic and social unit. It is difficult, if not impossible, to farm without a wife or some family to live with, and children can help with the chores—even operate some of the machinery—and pay their way from 10 years of age onward. Moreover, father, mother and children all realize that if they are to have a new barn or buy a better bull they must work together and save for this common objective. In brief, wife and children are economic assets and the family is the economic as well as social unit.

Among most city families, on the other hand, the wife is not a necessity—there are plenty of restaurants and hotels nearby—and children are generally economic liabilities from birth until marriage—sometimes, if they enter the professions, for a few years after marriage. The wife, unless she works outside the home, becomes more or less of a luxury; and the children also—like an automobile. Preference is clearly shown by the decreasing number of children and increasing number of automobiles. In a middle-class family each costs about $200 to $300 a year, and if a father has three or four children he often cannot have an auto.

These individual decisions as to relative value become hardened into styles, even traditions. Obedience to the dictates of style is, apparently, more common among the American people than obedience to the dictates of duty, or else a large proportion of our people, especially in the middle class—the socially climbing class—have wandered so far from fundamentals in their thinking that they do not see it is a basic duty to reproduce the race.

The second factor indicated by the census statistics is occupation. The farm laborer's family averages the largest, the farm tenant's slightly fewer, the farm owner's a little less; the unskilled laborer in the city has even fewer children, the skilled worker still fewer, while the business and professional man's family is smallest of all. The 1940 census revealed that the only urban occupational group which was reproducing itself consisted of the families on WPA.

Let us consider the third reason: education. Recently the Carnegie Foundation and the Mil-

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bank Memorial Fund financed a complete survey of the city of Indianapolis—over 100,000 families—having as its objective to determine the causes of this declining birth rate. It was found that the less the education the larger the family. For the father or mother who had never gone beyond the sixth grade in elementary school the number of children was nearly three times as large as for the high school graduates. Each additional year of grade and high school education reduced the number of children. The largest drop was between those parents who had had only three years in high school and those who had graduated. College education reduced the number of children little, if any, farther.

What are the influences in high school particularly that so seriously reduce the size of the future families? My guess is that it is not the teachers, nor the textbooks, but the enveloping, pervasive, economic and social environment—in brief, our modern urban culture, with its attitudes and ideals acquired in large part from the moving picture shows and advertisements in the magazines. The American people have become materialistic and are becoming blasé.

Religion was another factor which the Indianapolis Survey made a special effort to study. Can religion overcome the materialism, the commercialism, the love of luxury? The answer can be yes or no. This much is certain, that the Catholic Church exerted an influence upon its members in Indianapolis far greater than the Protestant churches. Equally significant, the greater the difference in education the greater the difference in reproduction rates between Catholics and Protestants; indeed, Catholic college graduates had almost enough children to reproduce the race.

In the Indianapolis Survey the rent paid for the house, or rental value in cases of owner occupancy, was obtained. By far the largest families were in the under $15 monthly rentals, that is, in the slums. But the smallest families were not in the top rentals, rather they gathered around the $50 a month rental. Earlier studies have shown similar results—that the smallest families are in the $2,500 to $3,500 income levels—among the social climbers. Among those families that have arrived, especially if the young people have had enough income early in life to afford children, the families are almost as large as among the poor. But the families at this apex of the economic pyramid are few.

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There are other and important factors that influence the reproduction rate, notably age at marriage—a recent survey indicates that women who marry at 20 years of age have nearly three times as many children as those who marry when 30 years old—duration of marriage, divorce, health of the wife, perhaps inheritance of fecundity. But enough has been said to indicate the complexity of the situation and reasons for its rapid development in recent years.

It is clear that the fewer people who live on farms and in rural villages and the more who live in the cities, the lower is the birth rate likely to fall. On the other hand, every advance in agricultural technique, every new application of power to farming, tends to lower the number needed on the land and to increase the migration to the cities. In 1840 about 70 percent of the "gainfully employed," to use the census phrase, were engaged in agriculture; in 1940 only 17 percent, and today probably not more than 15 percent. Moreover, about half of the farms in 1939, according to the census, produced less than $600 worth of products, and these farms contributed only 7 percent to the total commercial production of farm products. Half the farms in the nation are not needed to feed and clothe the people of the nation.

But these small farms are producing more than their share of the children of the nation. If half the children reared on these poorer farms go to the cities, and it is probably a larger proportion, and we capitalize their value at $1,000 a year earning power for 30 years, the value of these migrating youth from the less productive of our farms is fully five times the value of the crops and other products sold. By far the most important products of these farms is youth, and the time may come when the American people will realize that youth is as important as crops.

Can the city be made a good place to rear children—at least enough to reproduce the race? I think it can be; I hope it will be. But it will be a different kind of city; and, more important, the citizens will have different objectives, different ideals of success, different judgments as to things worthwhile from those characteristic of city people today. Our modern urban civilization is tending toward extinction. The writing can be clearly seen on the wall: "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting."

We should realize that the people of the future are the children of the poor but proud farmers of the Southern Appalachian Mountains, of the croppers and tenants of the Cotton Belt, of the hill folk that live along the Ohio River and its tributaries, of the Amish and Mennonites of Southeastern Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, Indiana and Kansas, of the German-Russian Catholics of North Dakota, of the Mormons of Utah and Idaho, and other plain and humble people who have been partially protected from the influences of modern urban culture by their geographic isolation or their religious convictions.

We have much to learn from the poor; more than we need to learn from the rich.

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The Church in Eastern Europe

The formative aspects of its long history

Donald Attwater

"TYF YR hyn sydd o'r hynfu": that is a Welsh proverb meaning "What is, grows from what was." And it is such a truism that doubtless a corresponding proverb is to be found in most other languages. Undoubtedly, without knowing something about its past, it is impossible to understand properly what is present.

In dealing with the Church in *western* Europe, it can be taken for granted that readers know at least something about the political and ecclesiastical history of the countries concerned. In writing of more easterly lands, I unfortunately cannot safely make any such assumption. I therefore devote most of my space to saying a little about the past, to trying to give some crude idea of the background, past and present, of the Church in eastern Europe. This is the more desirable because the present state of the Church in those countries is one of flux and great — and threatening — uncertainty.

By eastern Europe I understand those countries which lie mainly east of a line drawn from the north end of the Baltic Sea through Danzig to Trieste, namely — Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, Yugoslavia (which comprises Slovenia, Croatia and Serbia), Bulgaria, Albania, Greece and Russia-in-Europe.

Of these, I ignore four entirely: Finland and Estonia, which are practically solidly Lutheran, Latvia, where the Catholic minority shares the fate of the Lithuanians, and Albania, a Mohammedan land where the position of the Catholic and Orthodox minorities resembles that of the Christians in Yugoslavia.

Now these east-European countries can themselves be divided into eastern and western, not on a geographical but on an ecclesiastical basis.

Western are Lithuania, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Slovenia and Croatia. Their peoples belong mostly to the Roman Catholic Church. The remainder are eastern, namely, Serbia, Rumania, Bulgaria, Greece, Russia. Their peoples belong almost solidly to the Eastern Orthodox Church.

This twofold division is fundamental to the understanding of our subject. What do I mean by it?

If we go back some fourteen hundred years we find the universal Church of Christ already clearly differentiated into eastern and western parts. The western had its headquarters at Rome, Latin was its official and liturgical language. The east had not yet (or strictly speaking, ever) any single center, but was divided into four administratively independent areas, called patriarchates, their centers being at Alexandria, Antioch, Jerusalem and Constantinople; Greek was their official and to a large extent their liturgical language. The patriarchates of east and west each had its own liturgy, canon law, ecclesiastical customs and organizations, differing considerably from one another. Over all was the Bishop of Rome, though of course with a far less clearly defined position then than today. In the eastern churches of Europe, the Byzantine patriarch at Constantinople was the hierarch who mattered for everyday practical purposes. Much later on there was a sixth patriarch, at Moscow, but long before that the Slavonic language had become ecclesiastically significant.

Between the years 1054 and 1472 the Eastern church gradually drifted into separation from the Western, and formed what we know as the Eastern Orthodox Church (no need to put Orthodox in inverted commas—the epithet is historically right). That separation is, in my opinion, the most calamitous event in Christian history—worse than the Protestant Reformation. I cannot here say anything about its causes and history, but I want to make two points: (1) The Holy See has never at any time excommunicated the Orthodox Church or the Orthodox people; (2) the Orthodox Church retains its validly ordained ministry, its ancient Catholic rites and true sacraments (at the moment of death a Catholic may ask for and accept the ministrations of an Orthodox priest); their faith is for the most part the Catholic faith as held by the whole Church before the schism, without the subsequent developments and precisions that have been brought to it in the west.

The significance of this for our subject is this: When we say that certain east-European countries are non-Catholic we must not understand that expression as we do in western Europe or in America. England was once Catholic, and fol-

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lowed the western Catholic tradition; today the majority of English Christians belong to bodies whose rites, sacraments and hierarchies are happily without objective validity; if England became Catholic again tomorrow, she would again take her place within the western, Latin tradition.

But the Serbs, Rumanians, Bulgars, Greeks, Russians, were never in the western, but in the eastern Catholic tradition; if they returned to unity tomorrow they would remain in that eastern tradition, in its Greek-Byzantine or Slav-Byzantine form. To the outward eye, a Catholic Rumania would look little different from the Orthodox Rumania; not so in England or Denmark. The Orthodox hold most of the Catholic faith, in its traditional sense; they are strengthened by the same sacraments as ourselves and ministered to by the bishops of ancient sees: indeed, the Catholic Church regards the Orthodox Church as still *in some sense* a part of the one Church of Christ. (This was more clearly realized before the middle of the eighteenth century, and still more between 1054 and 1472; Pope Pius IX recalled it to mind in 1868.)

The importance of this difference between the Protestant non-Catholicity of western Europe and the Orthodox non-Catholicity of eastern Europe is so obvious that I need not labor or enlarge upon it. But it is commonly overlooked.

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This division into Catholic west and Orthodox east is a result of historical factors, of which geographical situation is only one; and nationality in its wider sense, what we call "race," has little or no part in it. The Russians, the Byelorussians, the Ukrainians, the Poles, the Czechs, the Slovaks, the Slovenians, the Croats, the Serbs are all in varying degrees and mixtures what are called Slavs: their different languages are all of the Slavonic group—but some are Catholics, others are Orthodox. The first propounder of panslavism was a very remarkable seventeenth-century Croatian priest, Yury Krizanić, who advocated "One nation of the Slavs, with one language and one religion," Byzantine in form and in union with the Holy See. But the idea that there is a *necessary* affinity between the Slavs and the eastern church tradition is nonsense. The Poles or Czechs are Slavs, but they are of the western church tradition; the Greeks or Rumanians are not Slavs, but they belong to the eastern church tradition. In fact, though Greeks and Slavs are the great upholders of the eastern tradition, it is arguable that they are in reality closer to the western tradition than they are to the eastern tradition of Syria, Mesopotamia and Egypt. Does not Saint John Chrysostom think more like Saint Leo the Great, or our own Venerable Bede, than like Saint Efrem the Syrian?

These things should be borne in mind when we talk about the "European tradition" or "civilization," lest we make the mistake of equating Europe simply with the Latin countries, with the grudging addition of the Germanies and Great Britain; Greece and Bulgaria are as much European as Italy or Ireland, and there are other authentic Catholic traditions beside those of western Europe.

The event that solidified and made definitive the Orthodox separation from the Catholic west was the occupation of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453. Here is another important differentiation among the east-European churches—between those which were once within the Turkish empire and those which never were. For from three to four hundred years the Turks misruled Greece, Bulgaria, Serbia, Rumania and most of Hungary—all of them, except the last, Orthodox countries. One result of this is that the peoples of those countries are to this day less civilized, less enterprising, less educated, less experienced in the art of governing and living together than are their neighbors who, whatever oppression and misfortunes they have suffered, were at least spared the yoke of the sultan at Constantinople.

This can be seen in Yugoslavia, where the Slovenes are a more progressive people than the dominant Serbs; or in Rumania, where both Catholics and Orthodox in Transylvania, never properly subjugated by the Turks, are in general a superior people to the Rumanians of the old kingdom.

As you know, the downfall of Turkish power in Europe came with a rush during the nineteenth century. All through the previous centuries under the Turks it was the Orthodox churches, particularly the Church of Greece, for all her glaring faults, that had kept Christianity alive, that had preserved a sense of Greco-Roman civilization, that had nursed aspirations for freedom in the countries concerned. And so, when that freedom and independence were at last achieved, Orthodoxy had become a national symbol; the Orthodox churches of Greece and Bulgaria and Rumania and Serbia worked in close collaboration with the new states, and so have perpetuated an old thing in a new shape—namely, that Caesaropapism, that control of the church by the civil power, that has been the curse of the Eastern church from the Emperor Theodosius I onwards. The Orthodox churches of eastern Europe (including Russia) became rabidly nationalistic, as indeed, in a less acute form, have the Catholic churches there.

This has been and is a determining factor in the failure to reunite the Orthodox east with Rome—together with the other numerous cultural, political and social factors. Mr. Christopher Dawson, writing on this point, justly remarks that "Heresy as a rule is not the cause of

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schism but an excuse for it. Behind every heresy lies some kind of social conflict, and it is only by the resolution of this conflict that unity can be restored. . . . In the history of Christendom, from the patristic period down to modern times, heresy and schism have derived their main impulse from sociological causes." Let us never forget that. It is, in my humble opinion, the key to the riddle of the religious disunity of Christians.

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These countries with which we are concerned, from Latvia through Poland to Greece, are above all others the peasant lands of Europe: a vast area with something like a hundred million tillers of the soil, on whose bent backs and skilful husbandry depends the very existence of the political states of Hungary, Poland and the rest (I am here ignoring Russia). Together they represent, in essence, the largest single unit in Europe, united by a common work, common interests, a common outlook on life, common remoteness from what passes as civilization, and a common fate—neglect in peace, exploitation and ravishment in war. A single fundamental cultural unit, split apart by political barriers, whose frontiers fundamentally represent no more than ethnological or linguistic differences—and not always that. It has been said that there is a greater affinity between a Bulgarian peasant in Macedonia and a Polish peasant 800 miles away on the Vistula than there is between a Birmingham mechanic and a South Wales coal-miner.

A very over-simplified picture? Yes: in the sense that the accidentals of the situation bulk so much more largely than the essentials. The events of history have peculiarly bedeviled this part of the world: that peasant unity has been overlaid by aggressiveness, rivalries, bigotries, hatreds, revengefulness, cupidities, as bad as any in the world. The collision of German and Polish and Lithuanian and Russian imperialisms in the north; the frantic self-assertiveness and grab for economic and political power and prestige when the Turkish yoke was cast off in the south, and, later, Austro-Hungarian domination in the middle—these and other things have done their fearsome work.

The powerful, the responsible, the ambitious, the religious but blind, the patriotic but stupid have kidded the Rumanians that they are a Roman people; have inspired Poland with memories of wrongs suffered and aggressions committed that were best forgotten; have saddled Hungary with the inflated legend of the empire of the sainted King Stephen; have led Serbia into a policy that prepared the ground for the shocking tragedy of today; have stirred up Bulgaria to revive the idea of a centuries-dead Balkan empire. The Hungarians, Poles, Croats and others each boast that they were the only bulwark of Europe, crusaders who defended Christendom against the dark forces of Asia (but that is only half the story: and did the Germans do nothing?). In their struggle for Transylvania, Hungarians and Rumanians both appeal to uncertain events that happened—if they did happen—1,600 years ago.

And in these romantical, unreal, but bitterly practical causes, religion, the Christian religion, has been hopelessly involved and not seldom abominably compromised. Orthodox bishops have played a sad part in Macedonian troubles; the "Holy Crown of Saint Stephen" has been the oriflamme of Hungarian expansionism; the Croat-Serb contest has appeared as a religious rivalry; the Poles hate Orthodoxy, not so much because it is schismatic but because it is Russian, and vice-versa.

This much one has to know to start with. In a future article we shall look at the Church in the individual countries of this complex scene.

Looking South from the Marsh Bog

In cranberry land the sun is bright
But the figures seem as if the night
Placed their shovels in their hands
And sent them out with dark commands
That no one faintly understands.

As clear and simple as it seems,
Morning is more than these warm beams.
The zones in which men move apart,
Each bearing the cross within his heart,
Begin where dumb simplicities start.

We are the others, you and I,
Buoyant under a cloudless sky.
The tragedies through which we move,
The veins of disappointed love
And smashed ambition, these things have

A charm for us, and we attract
Attention to the complex fact
That seems so simple, and we ask
Why those who share the common task
Share otherwise a brutish mask.

Light falls on all our outwardness
We talk, we wear the common dress.
But noon, and night and midnight bring
Dark flashes of a time not spring,
Dark truths no heart may dare to sing.

And yet the mind in this calm land
Where the berries ripen to command
High prices, higher now each fall,—
The mind alone must dare to call
A price on the dark that blinds us all.

JOHN PORTER HEYMANN.

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Communications

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I should appreciate the opportunity to pass on to the readers of THE COMMONWEAL some information concerning Catholic conscientious objectors now being released from Civilian Public Service camps and from prison.

These men were conscripted or imprisoned for periods up to five years. During this time many of them performed outstanding health service at the Rosewood Hospital for Mentally Deficient Children and at the Alexian Brothers Hospital in Chicago.

Now that they are being released, they are facing many of the same difficulties and decisions as returning servicemen. But, unlike veterans, they have few places to which to turn for assistance in reestablishing themselves in their chosen life work.

One of the particularly urgent problems facing Catholic conscientious objectors is the return to educational careers. Prior to the war, many were enrolled in college or post-graduate courses leading toward important professions and occupations—social service, teaching, medicine. These educational programs they now want to finish up, but since they have received no pay during their terms of service and are not eligible for the benefits of the GI Bill of Rights, further study is impossible for them, unless some assistance is available.

To help meet this problem, a group of educators and religious leaders have formed the Committee on Educational Aid, under the honorary chairmanship of President Frank Graham of the University of North Carolina. As a member of this Committee, I have felt it important that these men be given some chance to carry through their educational plans. Since the men have already done all they can to help themselves, usually a grant of two or three hundred dollars makes it possible for a man to carry out a year's college training.

Any assistance which readers of THE COMMONWEAL would like to give, through the Committee on Educational Aid, 252 Fulton Street, Brooklyn 1, New York, will be very greatly appreciated.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER, *President,*
Hunter College of the City of New York.

RIMBAUD AGAIN

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: According to Mr. Cuthbert Wright, "Mr. Fowlie . . . does not fall into the rather sentimental error of Catholics, such as Claudel and Daniel-Rops, who are so affected by the event [his conversion] that they interpret the whole body of Rimbaud's poetry in its light, and turn it into a supplement of the Roman Missal." The book of Mr. Fowlie and the one of Daniel-Rops are unknown to me. But, as far as Claudel is concerned, only a bad translation could make Claudel fall into a "sentimental error" regarding Rimbaud. It seems to me it is the other way round from Mr. Wright's sweeping statement. Claudel does not interpret the whole body of Rimbaud's poetry in the light of his conversion, but he interprets, or would interpret, Rimbaud's conversion in the light of the whole body of his poetry. I say "would," because I do not think that Claudel is ever really concerned with Rimbaud's deathbed conversion. But in Rimbaud, Claudel heard the mad cry of the soul, its pangs of agony, its titanic and often chaotic movements to break loose, to be free, the torturing longing for God. That, Claudel understood and recognized, shrieking through words of tears and defiance, pride and shame and wounding beauty.

CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP.

LET THEM EAT CAKE

St. Paul, Minn.

TO the Editors: In one of your editorials in your issue of September 6, in which you speak of the government order for the production and use of whole grain flour, you refer to the oft-quoted charge against Marie Antoinette: "Let them eat cake."

Can you let me know what is the original source of this story; what the precise words used by the Queen, and what particularly the French word for "cake"?

There is another version of the story which I have read somewhere and cannot now locate; I shall be grateful if any one of your readers can find it for me.

According to this version what Marie Antoinette said was not "cake" but "cakes," meaning a less fashionable but more nutritious kind of bread in use at that time. If this be true the French Queen was offering the same sensible advice as you do in your editorial.

The REV. WILLIAM BUSCH.

The Stage

Lady Windermere's Fan

SAN FRANCISCO: Hit of this coast, the Curran-Lewis-Young production of Oscar Wilde's morning-room melodrama stars Cornelia Otis Skinner and Henry Daniell, employs Cecil Beaton as designer and actors, displays the strategic brilliancies of Estelle Winwood, and is to be seen in New York sometime in October. I am not sure it all adds up to much. There is, of course, a certain managerial justice in producing one of the comedies now, when the Pearson biography of the author has just appeared, plus a new portable edition of his works, plus the recent clinical argument (in re the *Spirochaeta pallida*) conducted by the Messrs. Behrman and Wilson in the pages of the *New Yorker*. As period stuff, the piece is probably as worth production as anything else; and as a play, it is unquestionably a skilful example of "sardoodledum." Developing one of the most coercive first acts, it exhausts its conflict during the remaining three, and ends up with an appropriately mock happy-ending in the spirit of the author rather than the theme. And it does prsent two quaint effects, now necessarily abandoned by practitioners of the form. One, the aside—a gigantic hurdle for present-day actors; and two, an

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inherent dependence upon motivating objects — upon things. It is no exaggeration to say that without Lady Windermere's *Fan,* there is no play. And then there are the crucial letters. Nowadays, of course, all this vocabulary of small cargo—the test-tube, the handbag, the portfolio, the document—is left to the movies where a closeup can firmly establish its description as well as importance. Perhaps the only incessant object handled by modern stage actors will be the gun, a circumstance which needs no examination at all.

However, to return to this production, it seems to me to suffer from a number of lags. The difficulty of rearing the actors into speech rather than quotation has not been accomplished by Jack Minster, the director. A kind of hush accumulates around each of the celebrated paradoxes and quips, a certain false anticipation on both sides of the foots. Then too, while I do admire Mr. Minster's refusal of the ordinary barnyard ad-lib to bolster such scenes as the second-act ball, this is not to say that utter silence should be employed while the actors place themselves discreetly about, longing for cues. I cannot imagine why the musical end of things should not have been more carefully worked here or indeed throughout the intermissions as well. But the crux of the difficulty is Cornelia Otis Skinner's playing of Mrs. Erlynne, the chief plum. It is too simple to say Miss Skinner lacks the especial quality of breeding necessary for this job, the quality is extinct and in my experience has been adumbrated by only two actresses, Katharine Cornell and Elsie Ferguson. What is more important is that Miss Skinner never seems to know what she is doing. The first and only note of parody enters with her, only to be dropped in the middle, and later retrieved at the end. This seriously interferes with her operation as a character, in fact *the* character of the play. The problem of Miss Skinner is a puzzling one, I think. Merely through experience it would seem her equipment should be excellent, and yet I do not think I have ever seen her when she was not miscast. For the rest, Mr. Daniell, and above all, Miss Winwood, sparkle the evening; and aside from some costume difficulty, I thought Pamela Ward's Lady Windermere charming. Cecil Beaton's mounting and traps are not over-lavish. There is some color jam between furniture and set, but a number of the lesser dresses are subtly nice, far handsomer than the starring ones.

Finally, what is perhaps most vital, will be some review of the house. San Francisco is renowned as all players' favorite stop, and I should say the prevailing reasons for this will be not only the attractions of the city itself but also the kind of energetic interest which pervaded the packed Curran the other evening. There was nothing noisy about this (no tumultuous applause) and nothing, I feel, particularly critical. The quality was one of attention, unanimous and powerful. In view of this phenomenon, it seems sad that a Baby Broadway appears to be the only scheme entertained by the movers of the town's two professional theaters, and that, moreover, there is no working small theater anywhere in sight. It is true that every possible plan for a National Theater enthusiastically counts upon this city as its western base; but unfortunately it is equally true that most possible plans for such an enterprise look impossibly distant at present. In the long meanwhile, and beyond it, I think it would make both history and business for these people to work their own theater. It is already history, of course, that they can do anything.

KAPPO PHELAN.

Books of the Week

The Playwright as Thinker. Eric Bentley. Reynal. $3.00.

EVERY so often some dramatic critic will write a book in which he reviews the present state of the drama; revalues the important dramatic influences of the past; and finally, comparing the present with the past, draws some conclusions which may throw light on the drama of the future. If his revaluations are sound then the book takes its place on the shelf as an indispensable work.

Such a book is Bentley's survey of the main nineteenth and twentieth century dramatic forces. It reminds me very much of William Archer's "The Old Drama and the New: an Essay in Re-Valuation" which was published in 1929. Although Bentley surveys all modern drama, Archer confines himself to the English drama alone. However there is the same underlying idea in both books. Bentley would certainly agree with Archer that: "The greatness of a work of art is ultimately dependent on the greatness of the mind behind it. But a comparatively small mind, working with a perfect instrument, can sometimes produce admirable results, while the labor of a great mind may sometimes be obscured by the imperfections of its instrument."

For Bentley treats not only of the great dramatists but also of those "who if not great are highly original," which limits his scope to certain key figures. But first, with the present as the proper point of departure for any historian, he reviews the dramatic conditions on Broadway and in Europe. He contends that the American dramatists have been reduced to the position of script writers; that they are either too commercial or too artistic; and that the period between 1920-1940 was not the great dramatic era which it is generally considered. I think his contentions substantially correct. Speaking only of the drama since 1940: what is noteworthy concerning the recent Broadway productions? A huge box-office prosperity; a steady decline in drama of any authentic quality; a steady rise in light entertainment. This entertainment, much of it of the plot song-and-dance variety, is very good indeed. The point is that it is not drama. There is an understructure of sentimental comedy in "Oklahoma!" But in the case of "One Touch of Venus" there are many sections having no dramatic understructure at all. The dramatist has been relegated to the post of script-writer with no more importance than the two lyric writers who produced some of the shoddiest songs of that season.

Formerly the dramatist appealed to two levels of intelligence: to the connoisseur and the critic, as well as to the amateur and the public. Then the composer of a good musical show employed his music simply to underscore the lines of an entertaining story told by a competent, if not inspired, librettist; and the dance-director and the stage-designer worked to embellish the text. Today the music, dancing, singing, and stage-setting

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compete with each other in importance. The flimsy dramatic understructure is largely a matter of script-writing.

Conditions, Bentley reports, are no better in Russia, England, Germany, France, and the Scandinavian countries. He concludes that such dramatists as Ibsen, Shaw, and Wagner need re-examination since they have not "begun to have their full influence." He also re-examines the work of Strindberg, Wilde, Pirandello, Jean-Paul Sartre and Bertolt Brecht.

The longest essay in the book is that on Bernard Shaw which occupies one section and part of another. It is the most illuminating I have read on the dramatist. Since Bentley holds that "a drama which is not verbalized is a drama not dramatized," he might have given a reference to Shaw's prefaces for his "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant" in which the dramatist expands his views on the importance of publishing the full content of his plays. This would support Bentley's plea for a good literary treatment of plays so that "the well-equipped reader" would be able to "experience any play by reading the text."

Equally illuminating is the section on Strindberg although I wished for a discussion of his legend-trilogy. I remember a performance of "Erich XIV," the last of the Vasa Sagas, in Munich which impressed me more than any legend-dramas and most history-dramas that I have seen. Such a discussion might well replace Bentley's summary of Strindberg's autobiographical writings which are not germane to the book. In this summary there are Freudian references. With all due respect for the author's important contribution to dramatic theory these references seem a trifle quaint, which shows the danger of depending too much on the theory and vocabulary of any single one of the explainers of human conduct. To say the least the words get out of date.

As a glaring example of this danger I offer in evidence O'Neill's "Strange Interlude" produced eighteen years ago. Coming from O'Neill it had a startling effect on me, although the critics praised the play to the skies, because hitherto the playwright had found the motivations for his characters in life, whereas in "Strange Interlude" they more than hinted of the library and reeked of books on psychoanalysis.

While I criticize the motivation of the play Bentley criticizes the dialogue of O'Neill. But this is a mere pause in Bentley's book. He is interested in other men and other matters. He writes vigorously in terms of significant material as well as literary quality in drama. "Didacticism," he avers, "has become degraded by the propaganda plays and novels." He would agree with Shaw when he states his chief concern is in the didactic play and concludes that "great art can never be anything else."

THEODORE BOLTON.

The Future in Perspective. Sigmund Neumann. Putnam's. $4.00.

THIS BOOK will be very useful to those who are eager to understand what is going on in the world today. In 384 pages Professor Neumann of Wesleyan University presents a survey of the Second Thirty Years War which started in 1914 and which, he hopes, ended with World War II in 1945. (Some may fear it is not a Thirty Years War, but a new Hundred Years War.) The book is full of excellent formulations and of brilliant

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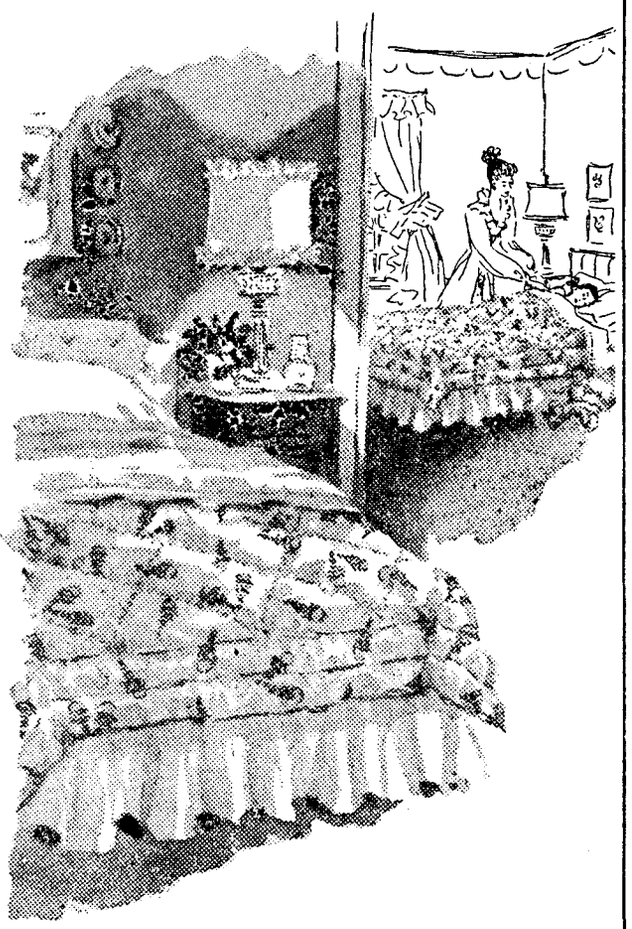

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psychological remarks—on Churchill: "He never did a safe thing when he saw a good fight ahead"; on Stalin: "All the Staliniana that is known is ad majorem gloriam dei"; on Roosevelt: ". . . a master politician reaching out to the unorganized, playing his hunches and playing for time, crossing bridges only when he came to them."

Neumann compresses into a brief volume an astonishing variety of facts, of sociological analysis and of historical interpretations, and his presentation will interest the general reader. But specialists will also profit from Neumann's approach. He correctly sees that the world crisis cannot be understood by departmentalization. Internal and external policies, general psychological changes, social disintegration, the ideologies, for example, Marxism, and the propaganda appeals, for example National Socialism, are all interconnected and form a whole. Without seeing the whole, the isolated events cannot be grasped. Neumann gives a masterful panorama of the world seen since 1914, viewed from the focus of relations among powers. His work is outstanding among the many books which have attempted to describe the world politics of the twentieth century.

Neumann organizes his vast material in a clear and simple way. The background of World War I opens the drama, with its interplay of nationalism, imperialism and international anarchy. The technical and military character of the struggle is sketched and the characters of the Russian and German Revolutions of 1917 and 1918 are described. Particularly successful is the survey of the forces which shaped the treaty of Versailles, a chapter which should destroy many popular legends. The whole book, by the way, is particularly valuable as an antidote to oversimplified thinking and to prejudices. After this prologue, the drama of the Long Armistice and of the Second World War is unfolded. In the period 1919 to 1924, there was no even apparent normalcy, even though peace treaties had already been signed. Then came the years of "stabilization and reconstruction" following Locarno and prosperity, and then the "roaring twenties." The mounting crisis from 1929 to 1934 is investigated and the analysis of its dangerous and fateful expression, German National Socialism, is impressive. "The breeding ground of forces that constituted the raw material of National Socialism . . . was found within three major social groups: the frustrated middle class, the rootless unemployed, and above all, the irregulars, remnants of the last war's aftermath." The crisis was not understood and therefore the fourth phase, the Dictator's Act on the World, starts (1934). It leads in 1939 to the Second World War.

Today we are faced with the task of ending a total global war with a total global peace. Will we succeed?

Neumann is neither utopian nor a power political realist. He does not believe that all difficulties can be settled at once, by some manipulation or by a new organization like the world state. He realizes the connection between the preaching of lofty ideals and the cynicism which is the bitter fruit of disillusionment. As an historian he realizes the difference between various national histories and developments, and he is also a careful student of the interplay of the various political units, and tries to understand general social features and trends. As decisive factors in unleashing the crisis, or more correctly, in making the crisis apparent by a world shaking explosion, he lists the discrepancy between technical and economic development and a more or less parochial nationalism, the absence of great statesmen who not only could understand their times, but also could remain above their momentary trends, that disappearance of moral unity above the political and social worlds which permitted the rise of political religions in nationalistic or socialistic guises, the disintegration of a stable social order. The bourgeoisie had won its fight against feudalism but had been unable to impose order upon the masses and on the dissatisfied. The desperate situation of middle class groups was a most important element in the rise of fascism and nazism in Europe. The absence of a politically mature élite in Germany, the failure of France to achieve both her own security and a really stable order in Europe, America's failure to appreciate the changes in her position after World War I, the incapacity of all statesmen to realize the character of the crisis after it had started—all these factors bringing on war are narrated quietly, without the shrill accusations and the omniscience which is so easy after catastrophes have happened, but so difficult before they occur.

Neumann believes that he can see some positive elements in the development of the last decades. For one thing, the people have become more aware of the fateful importance of world politics. Neumann also believes that pseudo-solutions by paper formulas which do not touch the real problems have lost influence today—public disagreements show that. I must frankly confess that I cannot follow him in some of his optimistic beliefs which particularly mark his description of the post-World War II period. Too much here is put in "mays" and "ifs": "If such international machinery (of control) can be conceived, the atomic bomb will have performed the miracle of frightening mankind into banishing war, at least for a time. . . . It may render the supreme opportunity, missed by the League, with the airplane age, of monopolizing the most powerful weapon today." Neumann, though emphasizing in many places the dangers inherent in the Bolshevist political religion, is inclined to play down the barriers separating the Soviet Union and the Western powers. They ought to come to terms—but unfortunately what ought to be does not always happen, and the Soviet Union does not help the coming of *one* world; it does not emphasize "the necessity of putting responsibility back where it belongs—on the individual conscience."

The last part of the book, dealing with the immediate present, is disappointing despite some reasonable remarks on the limits and merits of the UN and the impossibility of world government at once. This section gives the impression that Neumann himself is probably much more pessimistic than he indicates, and that his optimism is somewhat forced and artificial in order not to leave his readers in a too black world. He realizes correctly that at the basis of the world unrest is the rise of political religions and a short sighted materialistic-hedonistic indifferentism; but at present, no forces are visibly defeating this tragic and nefarious combination. Neumann himself clearly shows that fascism and nazism have not been destroyed with the defeat of Hitler and Mussolini. And though the Soviet Union today is a totalitarian Leviathan, the Soviet myth, the political religion of the self sufficient society which by economic political measures creates absolute justice, is still very much alive.

That such basic questions can be raised in connection

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with a book on contemporary world politics is sufficient to prove its value. One may, of course, disagree with Neumann about the selection of his material. Latin America and the Near East should perhaps have been given greater emphasis. It is surprising too that an author, who is so much aware of the importance of spiritual attitudes, does not devote much attention to religious history and to Church policies. Neither the Lateran treaty nor Protestant figures such as Karl Barth are mentioned. It is to be hoped that Professor Neumann will have critical readers. They will be stimulated to continue their reflections about the meaning of our era and will be helped to distinguish between important and unimportant events. They will learn about the past without which the present is unintelligible and the future appears in a wrong perspective. WALDEMAR GURIAN.

I, too, Nicodemus. Curtis Bok. Knopf. $3.50.

THE LEGAL profession in Russia was abolished by an unlettered first generation of Bolsheviks and since that time, we understand, their judges and advocates have been summoned from the mob. Our unlatined young are similarly miffed by legal dialect and ancient customs. Judge Bok has written two books, "part fiction, part case history, part introspection and part legal philosophy." ("A broad and deep humanity runs through the whole book," says THE COMMONWEAL of the "Backbone of the Herring.") The style is that of a fluent talker; the book full of chosen phrases which we do not quote: phrases should be spoken, or, if written, not dragged from their context.

For all his charm, though, the judge advocates return to the state of nature. "The increased volume of laws means less legal certainty. . . . The law must retain its character as a wistful promise if it is not to become a bludgeon altogether."—There is no chapter in Blackstone On Law as Wistful Promise.—"The law suffers from being thought of as an intellectual profession. It is intellectual of course . . . but it is not scientific in the sense of a science whose rules are impersonal and beyond the reach of human emotion or behavior."—Opinions will inevitably differ as to the extent to which the dry bones of the law can be larded with wistfulness.

One senses the revolutionary meddlesomeness: "The best legal brains should be the magistrates'; the next best should be in the trial courts; and any young essay writers just out of law school would do as appellate judges." Yet, one ventures to whisper, judicial inexperience has been no great success in the Supreme Court. The social revolution, in these United States, takes on a Pollyanna coloration. We grant that it cost the Navy for a moment the joy of saying Starboard and Port but also it is the revolution of which the father was Jean Jacques, the schoolmaster Marx, the revolution which has taken over the job of "tearing from our steeples the cross, emblem of faith and tragic constancy, and setting in its place the weathercock, emblem of frivolity and vacillation."

Our pretense at civilization is always and necessarily a pace ahead of the speed of common man. Yet we may hope that there are enough influential grandfathers about to enforce the lesson of war. In a fundamental sense one man is as good as another and equally surely, throughout the ages, Irishmen will be coming home late from the wedding with a black eye and the explanation: "Well, they was a big guy that pushed me and, says I, Who are

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you? and, says he, I am the best man!—And he was." Plato's Republic was run by good men. Since then the actual management of law and all affairs has been in the care of *l'homme moyen sensuel,* who needs the hard ladder of law to help him climb the steep hill of civilization.

Nicodemus, too, the skeptical old lawyer, will remain as vainly curious of Jesus as he has always been, wandering, these two thousand years. But each generation imperceptibly grows up and the best that an old fogy can wish you charming explorers is that with age you do not lose the irony of the Lord Chancellor in Iolanthe:

> The law is the true embodiment
> Of everything that's excellent;
> Without a fault, without a flaw.
> And I, my Lords, embody the law.

Then, too, there was Dogberry. EDWARD L. KEYES.

Tour of Duty. John Dos Passos. Houghton. $3.00.

THERE is a foolish aphorism to the effect that "If you aren't a socialist at twenty, you have no heart, and if you are a socialist at forty, you have no head." Something like that. A facile saying, whipped up in a moment of inspiration by some ex-socialist press agent for the status quo.

John Dos Passos, who has just written "Tour of Duty," was in his younger days a kind of fellow traveler. Those were the days of "Manhattan Transfer," "Big Money," "The 42nd Parallel" and other books of passionate protest. He is now a man of fifty; he writes for *Life* magazine and *The New Leader;* he is cordially hated by the Stalinists; and though he occasionally votes for a Socialist, he also occasionally votes for a Republican. His emphasis is more on freedom than on security. A good deal of the fire has gone out of him. And yet, as he reveals himself in his latest book, he is still a first-rate craftsman and a remarkably honest, humble and appealing figure. He may have been slowed up by time and the multiple quicksands of success, but there is little wrong with either his head or his heart.

"Tour of Duty" includes the pieces done for *Life* and *The New Leader* as a war correspondent plus some new material. It starts off as a more or less routine account of doings in the Pacific theater of war, marked only by the smooth, colorful Dos Passos style and an engaging way of admitting quite frankly that he has no desire to get hurt. In general, you can see he is just doing a job of work or, as they say, shooting it off the cuff. When we reach the fighting front in the Philippines, things pick up a bit, but still it is pretty much what we have read before, only a little better written.

The last third of the book is quite different. It is about post-war Europe. The Russian problem has entered the stage, also the Nuremberg trials, also the terrible destruction of a once great civilization. You can see that the mind and heart of Dos Passos have been stirred and troubled to their depths. And he writes accordingly. It is good stuff, sensitive and reflective, containing within it all the complex awareness of a mature, civilized man.

For one thing, it is refreshing to see someone of Dos Passos's standing who is not afraid to say flatly that the obliteration bombing of German cities was criminal. It is too late now, of course, to save the innocents who died, but it is never too late to repent. It is also encouraging to see somebody speak out boldly against the American record in Europe, not simply on the ground of our appeasing the Russians, but also, and perhaps more important, on the ground of cruelty and barbarism and stupidity for which we alone have been responsible. And to see someone do this with moderation, admitting the good with the bad, is even more encouraging.

Toward the end of the book there is one interview given by "a man of fifty" (Dos Passos) to "a man of twenty-five" (a pro-communist reporter for *The Stars and Stripes*), as they stroll on a bridge in Paris. The talk is mostly about Russia and why it is no longer the dream of Dos Passos's youth, but a cold and clinical nightmare. Then there is an argument about freedom and security, and the man of fifty says, "It's only in a free society that life is secure. I don't understand why you boys won't see that. . . . It seems too axiomatic." On the last page, aboard the aircraft carrier taking the boys home through an Atlantic gale, somebody says in a bull session, ". . . wars and dictatorships come out of depressions, don't they?" Then:

"Everybody is quiet. Nobody seems to want to answer that one.

" 'I don't know about that, but one thing I do know,' says the lieutenant from Chicago slowly, 'we got to get wise to ourselves. What we are doing since the fighting stopped in Europe is wrong. Two wrongs don't make a right.' " That is the end. JOHN C. CORT.

Endless Horizons. Vannevar Bush. Public Affairs Press. $2.50.

DR. VANNEVAR BUSH, a former Professor of Electric Engineering at MIT, now President of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, was during the war Chairman of OSRD, the civilian agency responsible for medical and weapons research. All but the last of the 17 essays here collected have appeared elsewhere. They fall into three groups.

The first groups, Nos. 3-12, deals with the necessity of Government support for research and the training of scientists—a program which was finally incorporated in Bill S-1850, which, however, was unfortunately lost by some badly played politics and the adjournment of Congress. This same group of essays deals also with the interplay of science and military technique and the future of atomic energy.

Of the second group, No. 13 discusses the emergency of two new professions, that of the engineer and that of the business man (i.e., of the disinterested manager), and considers the conditions necessary so that they might really be called professions (principally ministry to the people and close organization). No. 15 is a rather technical treatment of needed patent reforms. In Nos. 14 and 16, the author insists that a non-totalitarian society must continue to give opportunity to the individual and so will enable science to help in much more rapid reconstruction of a shattered world than any other system.

The third group looks principally to the future. In the first essay, Dr. Bush looks back, as from the future, humorously, to the nineteen thirties and makes fun of our clothes, our railroads and cars, all of which could be made so much more comfortable. In the second, he considers the many ways in which electronic devices could be used in recording and filing systems. In particular, since the task of keeping up with scientific literature is

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becoming overwhelming for the individual scientist, Bush proposes to have all books in microfilm, where half a million books would fill only a small desk. Proper coding symbols would allow—in an improvement of card filing systems used in large business—electronic devices to bring into view successively all pages where reference is made to a certain subject. In the final essay, the contributions of different types of scientists to the growth of knowledge are shown in an allegory. KARL F. HERZFELD.

Cicero in the Courtroom of Saint Thomas Aquinas. E. K. Rand. Marquette. $1.50.

IN THE CHRISTIAN tradition Cicero is usually associated with such men as Saint Augustine, John of Salisbury and the Christian humanists of the Renaissance rather than with such a figure as Saint Thomas. Indeed, if Saint Thomas is associated with Cicero at all, more often than not, it is as the acme of that philosophic tradition which displaced the Ciceronian literary culture in the thirteenth century "Battle of the Books." In this work, which was presented as the 1945 Aquinas Lecture, one of the most eminent American representatives of Ciceronian culture, the late Professor Rand of Harvard, exposes this view as decidedly superficial.

It is not the aim of the book, however, to prove that Saint Thomas was in some sense "Ciceronian." It is more objective in aiming only at allowing Cicero to speak for himself "in the courtroom of Saint Thomas," in other words, in showing how the Angelic Doctor used and treated the Master of Eloquence. Taking Saint Thomas's master work, the "Summa Theologica," as his brief, Professor Rand shows that Cicero comes off remarkably favorably. Cicero is a "master" and authority for Saint Thomas in questions dealing with the liberal arts, the human virtues and vices, social problems and often appears as a witness even for such theological questions as those dealing with providence, the precepts of the Old Law and the discipline of the Church. In general, wherever a problem impinges upon the domains of "rhetoric" and ethics, Saint Thomas listens with respect to what Cicero has to say.

Professor Rand however does not stop with establishing a historical truth—that of Saint Thomas's indebtedness and admiration for Cicero. He also goes on to make that truth an edifying one. First, regarding the discovery of truth in the works of man: As Professor Rand says, Saint Thomas is "*philósophos* at the last because he was *philólogos* at the first," and in his analysis of words and meanings as a way to wisdom he had "a wholesome regard for certain ancient authors who could use words well, and for those ancient subjects grammar and rhetoric, those keys that unlocked the ancient authors' meaning and their art." Secondly, regarding truth itself, Professor Rand brings out the fact about Saint Thomas which Sertillanges recently asserted so trenchantly in the columns of THE COMMONWEAL: "Nor is there anything partisan in his thought. Modern analysis may show him anti-Augustinian, but in his reverence for Saint Augustine and all the great Doctors of the Church he is not anti-this or anti-that or even a pro-Thomist, or a neo-Thomist, but a humble seeker for the truth wherever it may be found, hospitable to physical science as well as heavenly, ever sharpening his mind and acquiring the calm of wisdom. Behind it all is the peace of God that passeth understanding." OTTO BIRD.

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Lincoln Hall

AT LINCOLNDALE, New York, some forty miles north of New York City, the Brothers of the Christian Schools conduct Lincoln Hall, a school for wayward and delinquent boys committed there by the courts. Most of them are from 13 to 15 years of age. The whole plant covers some eight hundred acres. The boys are housed in eleven cottages—twenty-four boys to a cottage—each with its own library and recreational facilities.

In 1863 on the initiative of Archbishop Hughes and a noted convert, Dr. Levi Silliman Ives of North Carolina, the Christian Brothers opened a house for wayward and neglected boys in midtown Manhattan (near Second Avenue). Two years later it was transferred to the Bronx, where two hundred acres of farm land had been secured and buildings erected. This Protectory functioned for seventy-three years—with separate divisions for boys and for girls. In 1906 acreage at Lincolndale was purchased for training the boys who wanted to become farmers. In 1938 the old Protectory buildings and grounds were sold and the proceeds used to reorganize and rebuild the Lincolndale institution; a year later the new buildings were dedicated, with Archbishop Spellman presiding.

When a boy is admitted he spends two weeks in special reception quarters, where, among other things, he is thoroughly examined by a physician, a psychologist and a psychiatrist. After that he is assigned to one of the cottages and his life as a member of the community begins. While some of the boys are trained for farm work, the school curriculum also emphasizes preparation for business and skilled trades—particularly printing, filing, general business and auto mechanics. Arts and crafts also play a key rôle in developing latent creativeness. A strenuous program of organized athletics does its part in rehabilitation.

Lincoln Hall is supported about half by public funds and half from endowments and modest contributions. A Women's Auxiliary, started two years ago, concerns itself with the individual cottages, gives a birthday party once a month, secures interesting speakers and even takes the boys on excursions. The Auxiliary is at present raising funds for a swimming pool.

During 1945 some 136 boys were discharged from the school and returned to civilian life. They return to the world equipped with some useful trade, well-grounded in the fundamentals of their Faith and imbued with a new spirit.

CONTRIBUTORS

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Edward L. KEYES, M.D., is one of the founders of THE COMMONWEAL.
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